Maid. Thats hereby.
Ar. I know where it is situate.
Ma. Lord how wise you are.
Ar. I will tell thee wonders.
Ma. With that face.
Ar. I loue thee.
Ma. So I heard you say.
Ar. And so farewell.
Ma. Faire weather after you.
Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*
Ar. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
Clo. Well sir I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomacke.
Ar. Thou shalt be heauely punished.
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Ar. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.
Boy. Come you transgressing slaue, away.
Clo. Let me not be pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.
Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.
Clo. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.
Boy. What shall some see?
Clo. Nay nothing M. *Moth*, but what they looke vppon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their wordes, and therfore I will say nothing: I thanke God I haue as litle patience as an other man, & therfore I can be quiet. *Exit.*
Arm. I do affect the verie ground (which is base) where her shoo (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar; Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill angel but Loue, yet was *Sampson* so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubb, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue my

my turne: the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duella* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valoure, rust Rapier, be still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loueth. Assist me some extemporall God of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Enter the Princesse of Fraunce, with three attending Ladies and three Lordes.

Boyet. Now Maddame summon vp your dearest spirrits,
Cosider who the King your father sendes:
To whom he sendes, and whats his Embassie,
Your selfe, holde precious in the worldes esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritoure
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchles *Nauar*, the plea of no lesse weight,
Then *Aquitaine* a Dowrie for a Queene,
Be now as prodigall of all Deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.
Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, my beautie though but meane,
Needes not the painted florish of your prayse:
Beautie is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttred by base sale of chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proude to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your Wit in the prayse of mine.
But now to task the tasker, good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant all telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a Vow,
Till painefull studie shall outweare three yeeres,
No Woman may approch his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthines, we single you,